

MARCHING FOR TRaSH



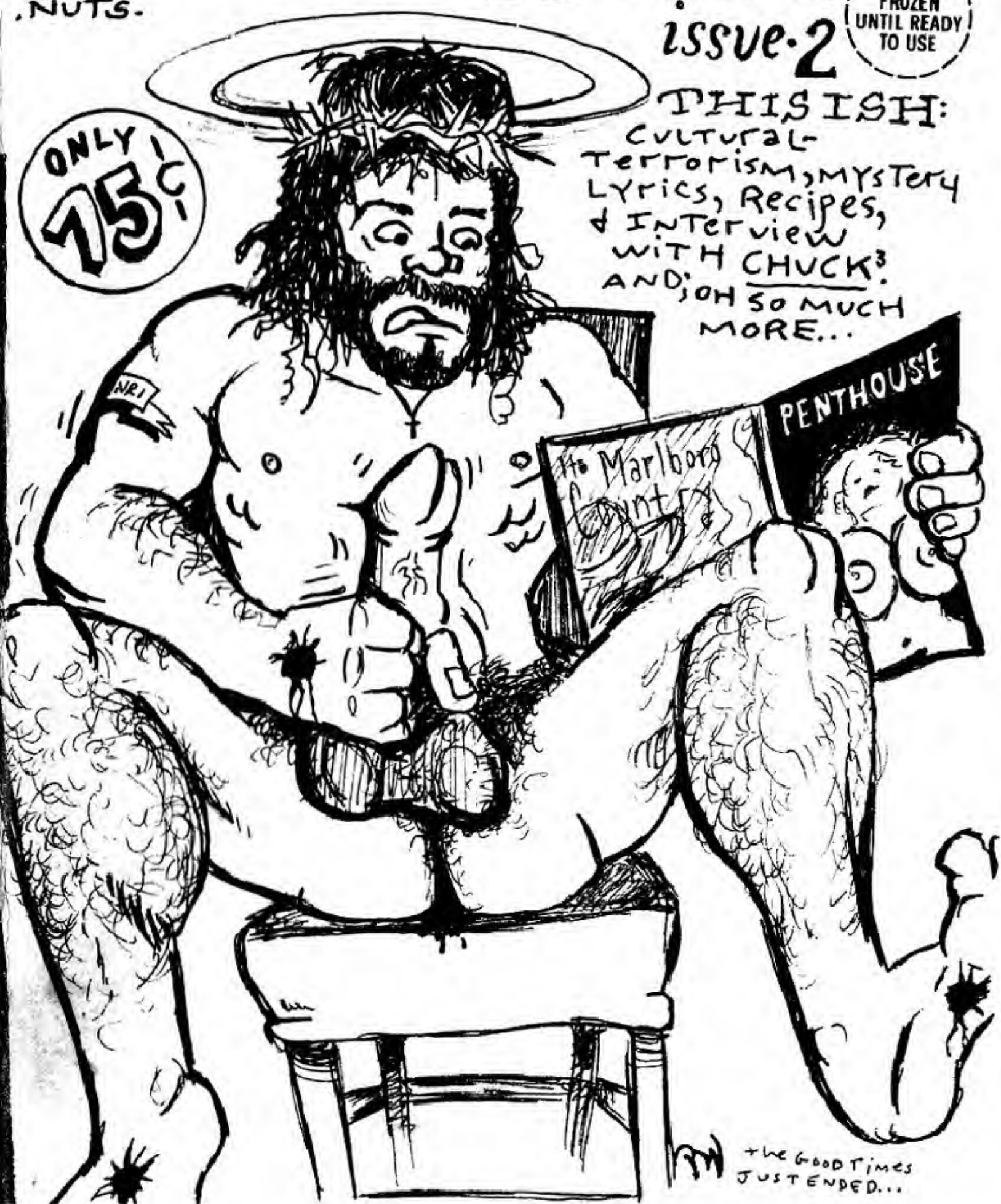
NUTS.

issue.2

KEEP
FROZEN
UNTIL READY
TO USE

ONLY
75¢

THIS ISH:
CULTURAL-
TERRORISM, MYSTERY
LYRICS, RECIPES,
& INTERVIEW
WITH CHUCK³.
AND, OH SO MUCH
MORE...



THE GOOD TIMES
JUST ENDED...

MARCHING FOR TRASH WIN 90 \$10000

CIO COVER PRICE
DICK INCREASE DUE
TO ASSHOLE
PRINTERS.

2021 UTOPIA PKWY
WHITE STONE NY 11357 USA



KILL HIM



SNAP, CRACKLE, POP



YOU'LL DIE TOO



UNITED NATION HEADQUARTERS



THE LAST THING I SAW



BABY JUVENILE



PRESIDENTS MEMO

A.K.A. LIES

From the Office of the President

AMAZING aptitude for stating the obvious is what so many counter cultural icons offer. Nowadays, striving for individuality are deemed sadly a foolish attempt. To many are worried about being moderate. I don't want to be the same. I want a difference, a dent now. I know I'm living a pipe dream. I know I'm unrealistic, but alas I'm hopeful. I haven't given up.

which leads me to my next matter at hand; my focus. It seems I didn't make that abundantly clear in ish:1. However my focus is only what I choose to allow. Naturally I have a rough idea but almost 95% of it is left to actually develop in this and the many future issues I hope to put out. So hopefully: GET TO KNOW ME.

well anyway I don't really think this zine qualifies as a music zine even tho' it is. Basically I want to give insight behind the punks attitude towards real life. Not the 21 + then drop out reality & the sellout feeding frenzy. Because obviously this is my life.

Mike Right

I'm Done
DART...
LIFETIME

Second Greatest Percentage of
Suicide: Overweight People, Fucks!

FAT

be eco-
they'll

THE
WEDGIES

Telephone booths will have to
be redesigned...

PHONE

PHONE

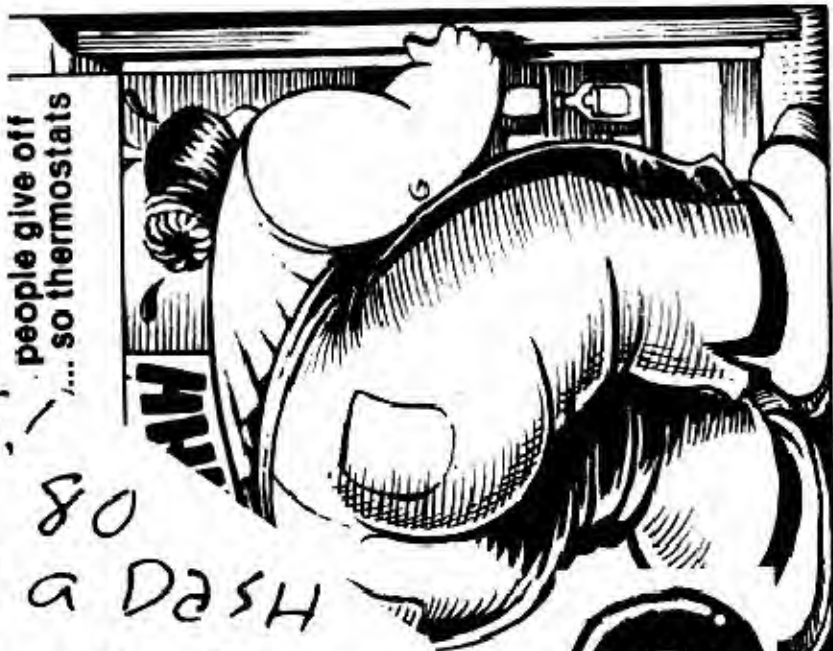
OP
WH
18
A



I must Be a
Total fuck up. am
I stupid? or what?
OK so IM OUT SKATIN'
TO THE STORE 24. WHICH
IS ALREADY a feat IN
ITSELF. & These MANLY
MEN Give me There
BEST COMMENTS, YO! Fat
SO! or SOMETHING even
STUPIDER. Do YOU THINK
They'd maybe Give me
some credit? Here
I am PUSHING
The 290 MARK-
LAST SKATE BOARDIN'
REFUGE man c'mon
I GOT
OF A

US

OF A



people give off
... so thermostats

TO HAVE BALLS!
 THERE BEHIND 80
 HORSE POWER & A DASH
 BOARD & YELLING AT ME?
 SO I GOT TO THINKING
 IM ONE OF THE LAST FEW
 MINORITIES TO BE ENSHAC-
 KLED FROM SOCIETYS PRE
 JUDICES. IM A SCORNE
 HATED MAN CAUSE OF
 MY BELT SIZE. BEATEN
 DOWN NOT BECAUSE OF
 COLOR & SEX BUT BE-
 CAUSE OF GIRTH. CAN
 I FIND CLOTHES? NO!
 AM I SCORNE? WITH
 NO NIGGERS OR FAGS
 AROUND I AM
 THE:

CITY,

SCOUNDREL!

ling
covers &

OBO



FEAR OF A GAY PLANET.
 FEAR OF A FAT PLANET.
 FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET.

INTERVIEWS* WITH CHUCKS:

This is NOT
a regular
FEATURE



HEY
y'all
fuck
old

Chuck 'Just' Adamec

Welp like this bro a'mine hes like stokin it rad and baskin til' hes bronze in cali. Not to mention SCAMMING hard on the little chickadees. welp i wanted to see what hes thinkin lately so i present THE:

Mail interview with Chuck:
Quite needless to say the name Chuck Adamekkkkk should be synonymous with your best friend, lover and/or confidant if not dont read this He plays bass in a band too... oh and i think hes kind of cool like a coke after rocking long and hard with your band or what not.

MFT: Why does Steve Martin suck at writing in your opinion?
CA: GOOD CALL!... Suck is the perfect way to describe steev martins writing style. That boy goes for the thesaurus like a suckling pig after a big ol' nipple. just milking away trying to squeeze out that "Big word" vocabulary he never got through learning. but keep trying kid, the plateau of semi literate is just in your sights. The show stopper is his adding insult to injury by talking down to the lunkheads he's writing for. Yet another pathetic power trip from a sad little boy with even sadder dreams. Anybody who has an old copy of the Island Ear and has survived two rounds in a second grade spelling bee should be able to see that the only place steives writing is fit for consumption is in the furnace. Just as nasty as i wanna be, huh?

MFT: Whats the deal with the hair?
CA: Hey! i had to do something about the "boots and braces tato0 i got on the base of my skull a couple of years back.
MFT: Are you physically challenged in any way?
CA: I think i'll let you rethink that question through one more time. Ask me when we're standing SIDE BY SIDE!! (aww shit, clear me some dancing space quick!) in the pit.
MFT: I didnt know that giraffes migrated south for Autumn?

CA: Whew-Wee! that certainly is one of natures little brain teasers. right up there with 'Why do Hippos never make their dens more than 10 miles from their place of birth.'

MFT: Word association part! when asked a word write the first thing that pops into your head.

| WORD OR PHRASE: | CHUCKS RESPONSE: |
|------------------|------------------|
| Astoria: | Metal |
| Metal: | Astoria |
| San LOCO | Clay |
| Crucifucks Tape: | The 4th of July |
| Embrace Tape: | Larsony |
| Bass: | Incompetency |
| Rhino: | Dad |
| White Power: | Mom |

MFT: tell me a story NOT about: Sexual Conquests, silly dancing; previous bands, animal rights or famblee.

CA: Boy oh boy you sure know how to throw a fella for a loop. that most certainly is a toughie, but i think i have a little tiddy with some socially redeeming value to boot!

Going back a month, my buddy tom and myself scored some free passes to Disney land. The catch was the two drips we had to soak up and drag along with us as Chaperones. Incidentally BOTH were model Disneyland employees!? Now hold up... before anyone makes any hasty conclusions let me tell you that the only reason that two self respecting Human beings would be found in mordor reborn (sic ed.) to: (this became our battle cry) "wreck, cause havoc, destroy property, and amend Disneys foul corporate wrongs in the name of a free America!" How do you like them apples? Powerful claims. We figured stink bombs would be a safe assault for openers. So fully armed we were off to the "country bear jamboree". Might as well start off with the small children first.... Nooooo Doont Dooooo Ihaaattt!! (whining that could shatter glass) You'll Looose the corporation money! What did you say? The female half of the drippo whined again! They'll lose tourists, they'll go into code 36.3-101, they'll shut down the Jamboree, They'll lose Mooneeey! Great Scott! she aint human Shes a pearley toothed cyborg sent by Disney security. Lord what do i do? Ill tell you what i did do. In the name of the Peoples Revolution I slapped her across the face Bogart style Cyborgor not, A firm hand will button the lip of any dame. With no further outbursts we carried on with our mission.

Well to put this story to rest ill jump to the Moral: "fuck around and you get Fucked" Whats the relevance? I dont know But it does sound harsh and must mean something to somebody... Oh yeah about a month later she asked for a leave of absence and got carned .humph!! figures. She joined our party shortly after as a mine defuser. Power To The Power!

MFT: whats the deal with the West Coast?
CA: Whats the deal with the west Coast? Orange County? Whats the deal with Orange County? money, coke whores, cash whores, car whores, visa and or american express whoress , speed freaks, smack addicts, poison water/air/money /idea(nope thats Portland)... Why dont we ask a one of my fellow roofers their opinion: Bill

continued next page
DICK

this
page is
PAGE

EAT MY BOULBOUS SCHELONG!!

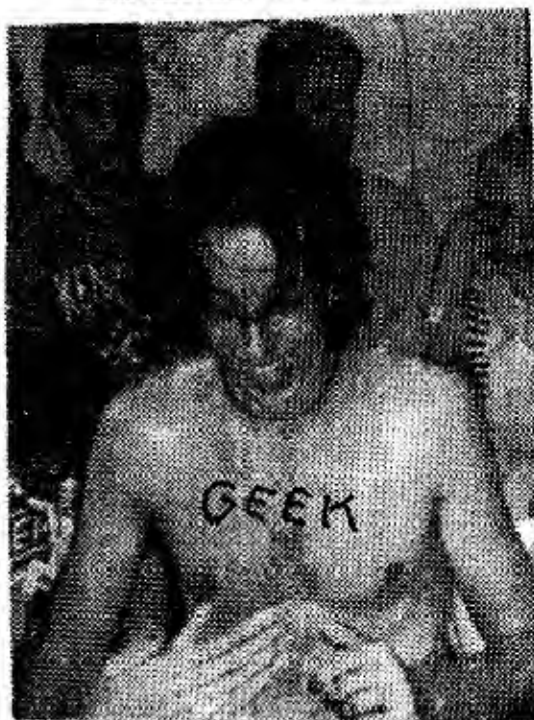


HIS MOM.

MFT: BRO, like umm closing comments?
CA: Its 1990 and a new generation needs a new philosophy. So put every waking moment into silly dancing, fake tatoos, tacky dressing and every other creative and nerdy aspect of geekdom. I predict that this the decade that unfoils the system with pocket pencil holders and curbside hokey pokey "revolt and jaywalk" is the goshest-darrest cool philosophy and i said it, HA!

.NO ADDRESS HES BACK NOW.

CHUCKING



circa 1990...

What do you think of orange County?
"Scumbag fucks with BMW.s". (Bill puts the term Misanthrope intoo new context)....too fast food, pillars of salt, soma rations, sex, sex, sex, money, sex, poison sex, more speed freaks (there sure are a lot of them)....Lets ask another roofer his opinion. Luis what do think of Orange County?"Is no good. Mexico is better. Only good for Money". (Luis' fake green card is his familys meal ticket). Somebody should ask a roofers opinion more often, huh?

MFT: Where's my Bike?

CA: Quick if you get to a T.V real fast youll see it on the Home Shopping Networ...Yeah thats it al-right P.H.C stickers and all...And the special club price is?...Eleven fucken' dollars'?' Dam it Dam it? I knew i should have never hocked it to...

MFT: dude?...if you had proof of like a god, y'know Li, ke a rad prophet dude would you like worship?
CA: Thats really not a fair question Rich. God? Whos God, What kind of God?, What is God?, You change the rules of the game and you dont tell me what the new ones are. For the sake of arguement lets say god is the standard concept of an all knowing, All powerful creator If there was Undoubtable, clear to the world proof that this god did exist then nothing would or could be as it ever was. The whole global system teeters on the hinge of this one myth. So would i worship or not? along with this undoubtable proof, evry value, concept and belief i ever held would be herld out the window. Dont waste your time with that crap. Rich. Looking for proof is a mental exercise no more important then the rubiks cube or Jeopardy.

1986
12/2/95



+ HIS
IS
7

CHUCK (N.Y.C)
253-25 86 th ave
Bellerose N.Y 11426

Chuck "M.C." Boswell

FUCK-CHRIST

Look no further than Jackson Heights own M.C. Chuck Boswell for a viable source for Punkness and coolness who better to talk about Charlie than himself and So:

MFT: So whats going on man?
M.C.: Not a whole lot.
MFT: Yeah?, so every things working out with Bill?
M.C.: Great man.
MFT: Yeah.
M.C.: Great.
MFT: Huh.
M.C.: I just want to say one thing its great.
MFT: So what didja think of that first interview we did?
M.C.: What back then?
MFT: Yeah.
M.C.: The first interview? It was great.
MFT: Thats cool. (smile)
M.C.: It was one of the better interviews.
MFT: Really?
M.C.: yeah.
MFT: Was it good?
M.C.: It was great.
M.C.: Let me ask you one thing here, what inspired you to do that interview?
MFT: That interview... Probably Plain Truth.
M.C.: Why? confused)
MFT: Cuz it was like... um, funny.
M.C.: So you read Plain Truth?
MFT: Yeah.
M.C.: But you didnt do anything to do with it, right?
MFT: With his FanZine, No.
M.C.: Which Plain Truth you talking about?
MFT: Y'know Sam n J's
M.C.: Oh i thought you were talking about...
MFT: Well i figured were punkers here we would naturally assume...
M.C.: So youve been around magazines all your life your trying to say.
MFT: yeah well i guess.
M.C.: You ever check out Dynamite Mag (sp.) when you were younger.
MFT: No that was kinda before my time.
How old are you?
M.C.: Me umm, Im seventeen.
MFT: No really.
M.C.: Why (dazed and angrily)?
MFT: No i mean your in the Workforce now You graduated, right?
M.C.: graduated what?
MFT: College.
M.C.: I graduated grad school (seems to take a hostile tone for this line of questioning)
MFT: Hey man you dont want to give out your age i got no problem with that...
M.C.: (stares em' down) So your tryin' to say im older than you. How old are you?
MFT: Me, uh im fourteen.
M.C.: So you missed the seventies is wat youre trying to say. Thats pretty messed up.
MFT: C'mon how old are you! (insistent)
M.C.: Im twenty three.
MFT: So thats cool...
M.C.: And Y'know your trying to tell me you never saw Dynamite.
MFT: y'know its like i saw it i just wasnt really into it i like saw it in libraries an' stuff.
M.C.: Now you know its still around right, Only its got New Kids On The Block, and its got Doogie Howser on the Cover so it cant be that bad.

Right Trash #2.

Service Area Celebrities

Something In The Water

(laughter from me upon realizing that NEIL Parick Harris Jr. (star of Doogie Howser M.D) is making thousands of dollars on T.V whilst I suck wind... And like it.)
Do you watch Doogie Howser?
MFT: No not really dude.
M.C.: (talk goes on for a few, about various episodes. i nod agreeingly, while not actually having indulged yet in the idiocy of the show.)
Y'know who i hear really loves Doogie Howser?
MFT: No who?
M.C.: Sam McPheeters.
(Nervous laughter from me, After i ponder that upon Sams reading The Interview Here within He'll Most likely Mop up the floor with poor ol' Charlie, in a fit of rage and spit. -Like the over grown muscle Man he is. all I can say is Poor Charlie).
MFT: O.k Thats one thing i wanted to ask you. I heard a while back In Albany when you guys played with Verbal Assault, You had some "schism" with their Political views. Specifically with there distribution of Amnesty International Literature.
I believe you referred to them as "commies".
M.C.: I probably said they were commies, I dont recall.
MFT: But i mean whats your whole Outlook are you pretty conservative?
M.C.: Outlook on what? I mean look im charlie Boswell the first
MFT: I mean do you follow the Parties
M.C.: I go to alot of parties man... let me tell you i was at this one... 50 White Castles and some Chocolate Cow. Is this interview gonna be like verbatim this isnt gonna be edited, is this gonna be censored.
MFT: Nah man this is good stuff...
M.C.: And people do that they censure it and just leave in one word,
MFT: But hev weve been threw this before did i do that in the first interview?
M.C.: Yeah but you put "which one is Al the Guitar player" and that was the best part!
MFT: Yeah but that wasnt said in the interview that was what us journalists call "sprucin' up an interview"
MFT: (changes subject)
So what was the deal with the barbeque?
now i want the truth man, seriously, no joking because when i heard the story i thought it sucked to all high hell.
M.C.: I thought it was funny... Anyway we had a show here at night (Mhnts. AbC NO RiO) With God Is My CoPilot.
MFT: Good band.
M.C.: Well i dont know about that. Anyway they got us a show at night, And the deal was anybody could get into the show with a handstamp from the matinee if they wanted to.
MFT: Pretty good deal.
M.C.: Because there was gonna be space in Between... So Chris are drummer said we should have a Bar-B-Que. So i said cool, So i called up WNYU and said "announce the Bug Out Bar-B-que, Bring your own Tofu" cause im trying to be fair. I bought two grills. One for

EAT SHIT AT JOES

Beverly Hills 90210

everybody else and one for us y'know.
And naturally No one used it.

So where cooking Weiners, and were eating them And we also were giving our food to this homeless dude. Two guys came over "yo could we get some of those"

so we said: "sure we got Plenty" Since no one else participated.

So this other guy comes over when we started and looks at our hotdogs and like does this (motions like shaking head) and he says all this junk like "this is bad for you... And im like "yeah Well i dont care". Which is true cuz i dont... And hes like "do you Box?" NO i dont "tae kwon doe", no "calculus" and then he looks blindly into space.

MFT: Like this (motions like that)

M.C: yeah... So he went over there. and we were just about finished we just had a few more dogs on the grill. and this guys walks over and... just to give you an idea what was going on that day, every body was pissing all over the place that day. It must of been something in the air...

MFT: Or the beer (laffs)

M.C: So this guy walks over and says hes gonna piss on our Bar-b-que.

MFT: Not because of who you were but just

VINCE LOMBARDI (1913-1970)

Football coach at St. Cecilia's H.S. in Englewood before gaining fame as a Giants' assistant and Packers' and Redskins' head coach. (13 Ridgely)

because you were cookin' dogs.

M.C: I cant answer that. i dont know.

MFT: But at any point did they make remarks to that effect.

M.C: At first he came over i guess to try to reason with us, I guess i dont know. Y'know im just trying to have some fun.

So then He comes over and says hes gonna piss on our Bar-b-que... So then there was some altercation. And then the homeless guy was like "yo man i dont want to hear your bunk cuz my brother was killed by a pig"

MFT: Wait are we talking about the farm animal or the derogatory term for police man?

M.C: Farm animal, any way so this guys like...

MFT: Oh i get it he was saying: dont talk about the animals because my brother was killed by an animal... Man thats Irony for ya.

M.C: So craig came out..

MFT: Of Bleeker Bobs Fame...

M.C: So the guy goes "yeah, i just had an urge to piss on that BarBeQue" and craig goes "yeah ive had a lot of urges that i havent acted on" And Sam comes out (EVO) and hes like "this is not what its about"-blah, blah, blah.

And Sam was cool he was trying to defend us and all.

And then this Girl is like "What your doing is Offending us " etc.

and these guys are like drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. Maybe thats offending me

MFT: And further more why didnt they go bother a fucken McDonalds Or one of those bozos who sell shishKaBob on fourteenth street! (shock)

M.C: and its like maybe im offended by there beer and cigarettes, just maybe y'know?

And the guys like well this doesnt kill anybody... So im like, look Anheuser Busch supports

corporate death in Central America. And he goes "thats why i dont drink that brand"

So that was funny...

MFT: So the thing that really puts a thorn in my heinie is like these guys are complaining about snit and hey, where were they December ninth, huh?

M.C: what about the year before that?

MFT: April fifteenth, bro. That show was fresh bro, M.C: you werent there...

MFT: alright i wasnt. but that flyer was awesome that was the best one Brendan ever made.

M.C: oh yeah, the only good flyer Brendan made. (laffs)

(talk goes on about recent show stories... memorially with a 77's show)

MFT: So now that Al's out of the band, i got to ask you Was he pissed at me when i threw that Suzy Q at his guitar?

M.C: yeah he was pissed i dont know why. I thought it was funny.

MFT: ahh man you guys didnt bring any castles so i bought Suzy Q's And toilet Paper!

M.C: That was great man it was funny



CHARLIE →
"m.c." Boswell
circa 1989
amidst
ROCKIN' OUT
w/ THE
B.O.S!



MFT: so what is on your mind man what pisses you off?

M.C: I dont know let me think...

(pauses for awhile) Yeah i dont know why... they dont... put Doogie Houser on a half an hour earlier.

MFT: I mean seriously im at the point where nothing shocks me anymore in like punk rock anymore Y'know?

M.C: I dont know everytime i hear it, it shocks me, like look at that guy...

..Hes pretty shocking... But let me tell you I remember back when Straight Edge was the big thing Y'know and i was Charlie Boswell. Then it was the raw bands and everybodys Raw, Lower East Side Crew and everything And i was Charlie Boswell. And now its this one up manship kind of thing and im still Charlie Boswell.

MFT: i hear ya man, Well that sounds like a good a place as any to end it, Thanx man.....

YES SCHMUCK ONE MORE INTERVIEW, OH YEAH JUDAS PRIEST SUCKS.

CHUCK "MAG" MAGGIO

Interview with Chuck "Mag man" Maggio
October 13th 1990.

Charles Maggio: World class pizza delivery man as well as lyricist extraordinaire for the RORSCHACH. Not to mention the senior editor of Mindset Fanzoon.

What follows is the result of when two big guys get together and chew the fat...

MFT: So, um, I mean, you know, what's going on... essentially... right now with, uh, you know, all your projects, uh, you know, the MindSet thing? And basically I was just wondering... is that kind of an offshoot of your lyrics and stuff, or is it totally a separate thing?

CM: Right now I want it to be a totally separate thing, it's not just me that's doing MindSet right now... it's an operation of about four or five people, it's always been since the beginning, a fanzine for anyone who wants to do anything. It has nothing to do with RORSCHACH...

MFT: Have you had a lot of problems with the fact that it's kind of misleading... that, in the reviews of MindSet, no one seems to get what it truly is... a compilation of zines. It seems like they always miss the point. Like the first Maximum Rock n Roll review, they totally missed the point, and in the second one... Have you had a lot of problems like that?

CM: Well it's kind of like... it's kind of a situation where, like in the first MRR review, they pointed out everything I wanted it to be, but they made it sound bad. They said it was unfocused, every page is different... and that's exactly what I wanted it to be, because of its format, it's harder to sell, or harder to spread around, because most of the time when you buy a fanzine, you ask who's in it. And listing the 19 or 20 people who had contributed would be ridiculous. And if you tell someone that its pages from 20 different people, it kinda turns them off. It's just... it's an idea that Nick and I had for a really long time. It finally came out in... the beginning of... the first one came out in May.

MFT: March 17, 1990.

CM: March 17, 1990. And the second one came out in May. The third one should be out by October, hopefully. At first it was like a big thing and a lot of people got into it, now it's turning into more of a fanzine type format.

MFT: I noticed that in the first issue it seemed more like you were just a contributor, and now it's more of a thing like you and Nick are the editors. Was that deliberate?

CM: Both issues said we were the editors, but...

MFT: In the first issue you both had pages, but in the second it was like you had the beginning page that was yours and Nick's, and you had reviews... It wasn't like you did a whole separate page and



CHARLES
LOOKS
IN
ZWE.

Summer
'90'

THEN the pages started, Y'know?

CM: Yeah, yeah. Well, "editors" is the wrong word, actually. Because, basically, what Nick and I did in the first two issues was conglomerate all these pages from people, take 'em all together, my mom did all the photocopying, and we each did a page. In the second one me and Nick had had this idea for SPEAK OUT for a while, so we did the big interview, layed that out ourselves. But it's always been open. I mean, it's turning more into a fanzoon now because of the fact that it's harder to get people to do stuff. Like I said, "editing" might be the wrong word. Because we don't edit anything. It's just a title. Any page that comes in is printed.

MFT: So what pages have gotten the most uproar?

CM: From my point of view? Uh... in the first issue, the COMBAT STANCE page got a... I know three or four people who have written to Tom about the pictures he had on it, but like I said, it's not the PMRC. That was his freedom to do, he put his name on it, and they corresponded with him, which I thought was great. The second issue, the KILLING TIME flyer got a lot of flack, the picture of SICK OF IT ALL that was mislabeled got some flack, and the SPEAK OUT interview got a lot of compliments, but at the same time we've gotten some nasty letters about how it shouldn't have been done also.

MFT: So in your opinion, what does the next six months hold as far as the whole big business versus do-it-yourself ethic debate goes?

CM: Ah... The whole thing that went down, the whole WNYU thing... I think Sam said it best in Dear Jesus, it wasn't a matter of winning or losing, it was a matter of saying "look, there are people out there who don't accept this, it's not just going to become an accepted thing in hardcore that bands can latch onto major labels." Whether or not we won or lost doesn't matter, it's just that the message got across.

MFT: Do you miss Nick?

CM: Uh, yeah.

MFT: I mean I really miss Nick.

CM: I talked to him last night as a matter of fact, for two and a half hours.

MFT: So what'd he have to say?

CM: He likes it up there...

MFT: What's a good Nick story?

CM: Uh Nick heard a rumor, if you want to print a rumor that he heard, That Jason

HATE TO BREAK IT TOO YOU DUDES,
JUDAS PRIEST - SUCKS!

There's more so
IT'S CON-TIN-ued
ON Page 15
AK?
Penus

DIE FOR OIL SUCKER!!

Mystery

LYrics

STEND
BOOKS.

Howdy, a Disclaimer: I'm all for
Poetic, BUBBLE Gum, Lyrical mysticism
& all that HOKUS POKUS BUT SOME
OF THIS STUFF GETS A BIT PAST
BEING NEW & DIFFERENT, WHERE
TALKING DRIVEL AND SO WE
HAPPILY PRESENT:

by
rich

DON'T BELIEVE
THEM



TWO BEATS OFF I CUT MY NAILS TO THE QUICK BUT STILL I WAS CAUGHT WITH MY HAND IN THE TILL
RED-HANDED. GIVE ME SOMETHING, GIVE ME ANYTHING THE THREAT OF EVERYTHING IS WHEN IT BECOMES
NOTHING AT ALL FINGERS REACHING, TROPHY SWELLING THAT'S WHEN DESIRE TRIPS ME UP GOT A NEW
TECHNIQUE MONEY LETS THE PIECES FIT WHERE THEY FALL PRIVILEGE — IT SANCTIONS EVERYTHING. SECURITY —
A NET UNDER IT ALL. MY FINGERS REACHING, THE TROPHY SWELLING THAT'S WHEN DESIRE TRIPS ME UP. I CUT MY
NAILS TO THE QUICK BUT STILL I WAS CAUGHT WITH MY HAND IN THE TILL. RED-HANDED.

Bulldog Front

Ahistorical—you think this shit just dropped
Right out of the sky
My analysis: it's time to harvest the
Crust from your eyes
To surge and refine, to rage and define
Ourselves
Against your line so sorry friend but
You must resign

You want to figure it out
We'll throw down, we'll throw down
You want to figure it out
We'll throw down your bulldog front

Bold bold mouthtalking not so bold
Now that you've eaten your own
Lips flecked, mouth specked you strip the
Skin right off of the bone

And I would never say you act without
Precision or care, but it's all attention
To armor, to the armor you wear so well
Let's knock and check to see
If there's somebody home

Provisional

Somewhere in these private minds, the last
one comes just in time to clear out
the chambers and sew up the lips,
'cause that's the price to pay for
hoping every slip's not a slide.

In other words not to get it wrong, it's
pointless to walk when it's past time
to run. Secured under the

weight of watchful eyes, lulled to
sleep under clear expansive skies

Somewhere in these prying hearts
conflicting histories tear us apart
and we hope we don't get what we
deserve, hide behind the targets,
in front of all the people we serve



EVERY BODY WHO READ A ZINE
IN THE LAST 3 YEARS KNOWS
ABOUT GUY'S LYRICS (ALZ CHINESE
MATH)

ANTHEM

THIS IS THE ANTHEM
YOU ARE IN CONTROL OF YOUR THINKING
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS
YOU CREATE THE LIMITATIONS
YOU KNOW WELL THE SITUATION
THIS WORLD IS BROKEN

YOU WILL CATCH IT WITH YOUR HEAD WHEN IT FALLS

SCARS (GITTER)

Feel like a small
Crawling on the razor's edge
If I could give you tears
I'd give you scars instead
And if you should fall
Fall down and smash your head
If you should fall
Who knows what worms would crawl?
You call it a lie
To me it's a corpse
You took me to the edge
And made me look down
Only to find
A voice I knew was mine
And if you should fall
Fall down and smash your head
And if you should fall
Who knows what worms would crawl?

ORGITTER???

If I could give you tears I'd give you scars instead!

BUT WHAT ABOUT ↑
HIS PARTNER IAN?



BRUCE WILLIS

DIES...

NEXT ISH:
New wave LYRICAL
MYSTERIES. IF I
Remember OR
whatever. SO
TIL THEN EAT
A LOT OF SHIT...



11

HEY ME LISA HOWS MR JI774?
H2-H2 YUK YUK

GO! TOUR DIARY. YO FUCK BUSH.

7.7.90
TOUR STARTS IN R.I. Island
PLAYING AT THE WAR-
WICK. CALL DAD. PLAYED
UNDER 5KB HMT. GOOD
SHOW

GOT REALLY DRUNK
AT MIKE'S APT. W/ MIKE,
CATLIN, TOEMEE, JAY,
TOMATO, SOME GIRLS, JEN
REED, BECKY, BECKY
GREG SHOWED UP LATER.
EVERYBODY STAYED
AT MY HOUSE (GOT NICE)

7.8
BOSTON GOOD SHOW
MIKE A. SANG A. TRAIN.
7.9. SPENT ALL DAY
DRIVING TO SYRACUSE
7.10 PLAYED SYRACUSE
UNIVERSITY;

GO! BAD TRIP, DEAD IMAGE,
INSIGHT, JUDGE.
STAYED FROM
MONDAY AT CASTLE EDGE
W/ DJ AND JOHN

SHOW WENT
REALLY BADLY FOR US, BUT
SET IN HALT. DIDNT FIN-
ISH ABOUT 4 SONGS ETC.
BAD TRIP WERENT AS TIGHT
AS USUAL BUT STILL VERY
GOOD. INSIGHTS FIRST SHOW
W/ CHUCK FREEZE ON BASS
(V.G.) JUDGE WERE VERY GOOD
4 TIGHT (FOR JUDGE). ME
AARON, MARCOS + JORDIN
DOVE IN A ROW + NOONE
CAUGHT ME, EVERYONE LAN-
DED ON ME I GOT KNOCKED
OUT, WOKED UP WITH EVERY-
ONE STARING AT ME AND A
LARGE BLOODY LUMP COULDN'T
REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED
OR TALKING TO AMBU LANCE
DRIVER REFUSED TO GO TO HOS.

PLAYING ALBANY
PET RABBIT AT C.E. ATE
SEVERAL DREADLOCKS WHILE
I SLEPT - YUCK!

WOKED UP W/
SHORTER HAIR. LUMP ON
HEAD SMALLER (STILL UGLY)
PRACTICED (WENT WELL)
GREG IS LEAVING CAUSE
HIS CAR BE BROKE. WE
ARE GOING TO BUTTALON

TO TRY TO PLAY WITH
JUDGE INSIGHT & THE
FREEZE (NOT BOSTON)
NOW PACKING
EVERYTHING INTO ONE CAR
(GOODLUCK)
WERE LATE DIDNT
PLAY. HUNG OUT STAYED
W/ COOL DUDES.

7.12
HUNG OUT IN BUTTALON
WENT TO AMUETS THIRT
SHOP, GRAT SUPPLY SHOP,
CHAMPION OUTLET, VW
ROLLING. DIAGNOSTIC TESTS.
AARON SWITCHED PICK
UPS ON HIS GUITAR.

SK8. TED, DRANK
BEER STAYED ONE MORE
NIGHT STILL HAVENT
SHOWERED.

7.13
Arose AT 7:00AM TO
DRIVE THURS TO MORGAN
TOWN W.VA. AARON DROVE
AND ATE Caffeine LOZ-
ENGES FOR THE WHOLE
TRIP. HE STARTED LOSING IT
AFTER ABOUT THE EQUIV-
ALENT OF 10 CUPS OF
COFFEE. WE ARRIVED HAS-
TILY (5 HOURS EARLY) WAIT-
ED GRATTIFIED CLUB-ETC.

WE WERE ALLOWED TO
PRACTICE BUT AARON + N-
JAY KEPT YELLING AT
EACH OTHER SO IT SUCKED
GOT HIGH WITH BOB

BAD TRIP OPENED
AND THERE WERE ONLY
ABOUT 25 PEOPLE THERE
NOONE SEEMED TO GET
INTO IT VERY MUCH
EXCEPT JORDIN, AARON
& I.

AFTER MINIMAL PREP.
ARATION WE PLAYED. I
WAS REALLY HIGH SO I
JUST GRINNED AND SKETCHED
A LOT W/ JAY + AARON
WERE REALLY TIGHT. AARON
WHINED ABOUT TUNING AS
USUAL

WENT OUT FOR PIZ-
ZA WITH BAD TRIP CAUSE
THE GUY WHO WE WERE

VARSIITY THEATRE
ST. PAUL MICHIGAN

TO STAY WITH WASNT
HOME. GOT DRUNK + HIGH
TRADED TOUR HORROR
STORIES. RETURNED TO APT.
TO DISCOVER FIESTA IN
PROGRESS. PASSED OUT AROUND
4:30 ISH ON APT. 2 FLOOR.

HAD TO WAIT
IN LINE FOR SHOWER
UPON WAKEAGE AFTER
JAY + HENDON ETC. I TOOK
ONE (FINALLY I NO LONGER
SMELL)

DROVE ALL DAY TO
OHIO SLEPT IN CAR.
FOUGHT WITH MIKE
ABOUT DRIVING. DID
SILLY INTERVIEW.



HEY!
CHIVULRY
DINT
DEAD,
Huh?



7.15 → 7.16 Sunday 2 Mon:
Awoke at 7:30 got into
car & went back to sleep
woke up in Malama 300
mi. played with 2 local
bands & the stench.

Bad Trips & our
own lack of sleepage
showed greatly, crowd
was lame

After the show I
decided to stay w/ B. Trip
at this girl ERIN's apt.
we watched T.V. drank
beer & decided to go hang
out at this grave yard
that ERIN said was cool

we hung out
drank and listened to
Sabbath for awhile. Fred
& I went exploring. we
came back to find six
of Michigans finest
questioning all & we
were promptly arrested.

I rode to the station
in the car w/ ERIC & Fred
as I was the only one
not cuffed I had to
dispose of ERIC's phony
I.D.'s I stashed them
under the seat. once
inside we were informed
that we had to post
\$100 bond in order to be
released. we all had our
blood alcohol level tested
only ERIC failed so he had
to stay an extra 3 hours
until sobriety after

being handcuffed to
Fred and to a bench
for about 40 minutes
I was questioned and
the various forms were
filled out. then I found
out that the cops would
not accept travelers
checks I borrowed \$100
from Bad Trip tour
money almost all of
which was used to
bail the band out.
Tom and Marcos left
first to rescue the
car & van from the
graveyard next
were JORDIN and I.
we waited for the

HEY DICK READ THAT
PIECE, BEFORE
THIS

fact that we weren't
allowed to leave Mich.
court date now 9.6
call home once we're
in Flint

Leaving now.
Monday 7.16. Got
lost looking for Cap-
itol Theatre. Drove by
it about 8 times never
seeing huge sign over
sidewalk we are soon
to be playing lobby.

The show was
completely zany, there
were only about 15
people so Bad Trip went
nuts, and they were
awesome.

When we
played I had a wireless,
so I just ran all over
the place. It was so
much fun. we stayed
at this kid Joel's house
tues. 117

Show was cancell-
ed we are going to
spend the day in
Flint. Did laundry
we abandoned at
laundry by Mike & AA-
Ron. almost arrested
for trespassing ag-
ain for sunbathing
on nearby roof. Left
Flint for Auburn Hills
why?

Wednesday.
Chicago got cancelled
stayed at Joel's in



van and hung there
till all were out. Inc.
ERIN and her friend
who were whining the
whole time about the
cops being racist the
whole time & generally
causing trouble. He
denied knowing us &
vice versa. we sat
in the parking lot
& waited until ERIC
was out, & then
stayed at Joel's.

Mon. Morn:
we went to the
court to argue about
our court date
(Aug 7th) and the

top: the gang after
the arrest, below:
MIKE B.S. stickers

K-200 Again, awake.
Drove 4 hours out of
the way to get new
DRUMS & drop Jay off
to get home, TOURS
BEGINNING TO STRANGER
M+ AARON LEFT FOR TO-
ledo TO GET DRUMS IN
I are at Joels they
will RETURN, get Jay
& his DRUMS and RETURN
TO CHICAGO. They will
RETURN again to get
new DRUMS & go
TO Milwaukee. PUNK
Rock Lives!

Jay, Joel & I
TO CHI. IN MY CAR.
They are having Joel
drive. saw Jay off in
CHICAGO IN RAIN IN
Hyde Park, Farrakhan's
Neighborhood (wow).
Called Dad (call back
next week for bail
money) now going to
WAX TRAX (cool) spent
\$30.00 on records. COZ
I saw a CITIBANK and
I have money in IT,
BUT my card is FUCKED
& Im now screwed we
RETURNED TO K-200 3
hours late M+ A had al-
ready bedded down,
much to Joel's chagrin
(he is supposed to spend
the night with his girl
friend & his Dad HATES
us BY NOW)

I feel like a Dick.
we think we have
a drummer! Tomorrow
maybe our only show
as a 3 piece.

I HATE IT when
people pull this free
loading shit (M+ A)
TEMPTATION TO
pull CRIMPSHINE
GROWS DAILY...

THURS 19th...
(have to wake up
6:00am - YIKES!) wake up
at 8:00am say goodbye
& NOT enough thanks
to Joel. Set out to CHI.
again going to CITI-
Bank & WAX TRAX

AGAIN THEN OFF TO MIL-
waukee for 3:00pm

SOUND CHECK. GOT INTO
CHI. AARON started Having
LITTLE BITCHING Temper
Tantrums Because every
thing wasnt going his
way (Poor baby)

We had better
stop at a CITIBANK SO I
DONT starve. will starve
anyway Because CITI-
BANKS outside N.Y.S
use cards, only no
withdrawal slips
(stupid IF the card
worked I wouldnt need
the FUCKEN Bank.)
I HATE THIS SHIT!!!!
GOD INTO Milwaukee at
2:00 IN the worst

Rain Ive seen IN years
found out we were at
the wrong END of the
CITY & are now driving
through IT.

STILL THURS. 19
GOT TO CLUB AT 3:00.
found out we couldnt
GET IN UNTIL 4:30. AARON
slept Mike & I went to
GET something to eat.
I wandered around
UNTIL 4:00. The owner
of the CLUB (UNICORN)
said we should put the
car in the parking
lot & he'd let us put
our equipment IN.
AARON promptly freaked
OUT, & started scream-
ING about our stuff
GETTING STOLEN & how
he wouldnt move the
CAR or the eq. UNTIL
at least one of other band
showed up (B.T are NOT)
He also started with all
this ROCKSTAR shit, about
IT NOT a lot of people
showed up. He wouldnt
play. HE LEFT HYSTERICAL
& screaming AT MIKE
& HADNT RETURNED.
AARON RETURNED & yelled
at Mike for using his
GUITAR and Mike storm-
ed off. AARON IS RETURNING
TO play due to LACK of
PROMOTER or other
Bands Being here
YET - 4:30 PM. AARON
DECIDED TO STOOP TO



↑ TYPICAL Rowdy
CROWD SHOTS:
BAD trip, some
where U.S.A.
↓ The Go!
mobile...



NATIONAL INSTITUTE
ON DRUG ABUSE
WERE GONNA PAUSE
HERE FOR STATION IDEN-
TIFICATION...

© AT SCHOEN & Associates

GO! 'S Bass Player:

Anthony EMO

YO MAN THAT SHIT WAS A BAD TRIP... Ahh... SHIT CLEAR ME SOME PITTIN' X



SORRY
TONY,
NO MO'
ROOM!

PLAYING ONCE BAD TRIP
SHOWED UP (they spent
the day touring the
breweries & stealing
beer t-shirts) show
was interesting. aaron
broke the bass drum
pedal like 5 times!!!
& the guitar was aw
ful. B.T. were quite
good.



DUE 2 AN ABYSMAL
LACK OF SPACE;
CONTINUED NEXT
ISH. will they
make it to cali?
TUNE IN NEXT
ISH...

END FOR NOW, friend

M2G MAN CONTINUED...

Farrell (SWIZ) might be playing second guitar for QUICKSAND.
MFT: Oh jeez. So basically what does his day consist of? I mean, does he go to any shows?
Q: I called him about 15 minutes after he got home from seeing SONIC YOUTH. (Just then something weird happened my man chuck glanced at his watch, and realized he had only 45 minutes to catch his flight to sunny studio city California to meet his Beautiful girl friend Dana Delaney of ABC's China Beach, not to mention the fact that the real purpose of his trip was so Dana could get behind the board and Mix up the RORSCHACH L.P. "Remain Sedate" and make it so damn rad i dont even wanna say!!?)

But i was left quite bummed being that i literally had atleast 15 more minutes of chatter to talk about. Such as about future RORSCHACH lyrical endeavors, ABC (no rio), and his recent bout with Cancer*. Oh well... Maybe someday soon.)

NEWS FLASH* spoke to charles recently (Dec. 4th) about his Cancer and he had this to say: "Me-1, It-0. Score subject to change."

END.



CHARLES IS
PUZZLED...



CHARLES TOUCHES
HIS HAT...

HONORABLE-



MENTION

CHUCK "COLORS" GOMEZ

THESE PICTURES ARE NOT RATED...
able by press time.

GOES TO COLLEGE, NOT AVAILABLE

HEADACHE



AFTER A MUCH NEEDED OUTING AT TRACY'S HOUSE I MOVED HOME, THINKING OFTEN ABOUT MY IMPENDING FINANCIAL DOOM IN A SHORT, FEW, SPARSE WEEKS. IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME OR SHORTLY THERE AFTER THAT ONE OF THE MOST KICKINGEST, ROASTING MIGRAINES SET IN QUITE COMFORTABLY ON THE INSET OF MY PEPPY, BOULBOUS, TROU- BLED NO- GEN. IT GOT FULL BORE pulling my HIT air and INTO MY TMENT. NOW MIND YOU ST WASNT THE TYPE OF ache THAT YOU COULD READ THE PAPER & OVERLOOK WAS THE EQUIVALENT OF A away ON YOUR HEAD. Did NOT WANT TO GET UP GO BLIN MORE SO.

CHEESE GRATER RAKING & BEING THAT I HAD NO WHAT SO EVER & I JUST & AGGRAVATE THE LIL' SO I LAYED THERE AS AWAY SLOWER THAN A wave. TRYING TO POSIT- ion MY JUST THAT PLACE WHERE THE PAIN MAYBE JUST MAYBE SUBSIDE FOR I DIDNT DARE GET UP. MY STEPS MORE THROB TIME. WAS RENDERED IMPOSSIBLE. & WHILE ALL THIS MISERY WAS TRANSPIRING I WAS THINKING HOW AWE INSPIRING AND POWERFUL THIS DEVIL IS THAT WAS LEAVING ME TOTALLY STUPID, TUCKED UP & NOT ABLE TO MOVE A MUSCLE FOR FEAR OF MORE INCREDIBLE SPASMS OF PAIN. IT LEFT SUCH AN IMPRESSION THAT I MADE A DATE WITH THE DEVIL AND DECIDED TO BE MORE LIKE THAT IN LIFE.



LOVE story

by SILLY-EXPECT TOO MUCH-BOY.

Yeah. Well I like just don't know about this relationship
HORSESHIT. I like listen to VOIP or the LAUGHING HYENAS
OR DIE KRUEZEN and GET REAL, REAL DEPRESSED the SONG
"DEDICATIONS TO THE ONE I LOVE" kinda SUMS IT UP FOR
ME: "DEDICATIONS TO THE ONE I LOVE / sometimes seem
TO GET CAUGHT IN THE SHUTTLE / TRYING TO TELL YOU
THE WAY I FEEL / sometimes seems LIKE TOO MUCH
TROUBLE / WANTED TO CUT YOU / SHOW YOU HOW MUCH
I CARE" ITS LIKE THAT Y'KNOW A MISERABLE
HORRIBLE BLACK HOLE WHICH REALLY HURTS, HURTS,
CUTS—LIKE OUCH-OUCH-OUCH. LIKE IF I EVEN GET
TO THE "RELATIONSHIP" PART MOST OF THE TIME ITS
NOT EVEN THAT FAR FOR ME... I DONT KNOW WHAT
I REALLY WANT REALLY, LIKE O.K. I WAS IN LOVE
RIGHT? and IT WAS PRETTY INTENSE BUT THEN
IT GOT SURREAL WITH A CAPITAL 'S'. LOVE
SCORNEED ME (OUCH). I WROTE THIS INTENSE
LETTER DETAILING MY AFFECTIONS AND CRAP
& NATURALLY IT GOT THROWN BACK IN MY FACE
LIKE A HEATED BLADE THREW BUTTER IT HURT.
I HAVE NOTHING LEFT. I gave up on that
TEEN DIME STORE NOTION OF STEADY DATE &
CARNIVAL TEDDY BEARS FOR MY SWEET-YEARS
2GO! BUT FUCK? IVE GOT NOTHING LEFT
INSIDE!! LIKE I WROTE THESE LYRICS FOR MY
OLD BAND CALLED "LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE" ITS
THE WAY I GENUINELY FELT (and feel) I
DONT KNOW maybe ILL eventually use THEM
BUT IN MY LYRIC BOOK I HAVE TWO SIDES
STUFF THATS NORMAL & STUFF THAT HURTS
LIKE A CHAINSAW—ITS ON THAT SIDE I
REALLY DONT KNOW WHAT TO SAY IM LIKE A
RIDICULOUS MOCKERY OF A JIGSAW PUZZLE.
THANK FOR COMING, WRITE IF YOU GET WORK.

THESE ARE
THE LYRICS
I WROTE
FOR MY
OLD BAND
CALLED
"LAST
CHANCE
FOR
LOVE"
ITS
THE
WAY
I
GENUINELY
FELT
(and
feel)
I
DONT
KNOW
maybe
ILL
eventually
use
THEM
BUT
IN
MY
LYRIC
BOOK
I
HAVE
TWO
SIDES
STUFF
THATS
NORMAL
&
STUFF
THAT
HURTS
LIKE
A
CHAINSAW
—ITS
ON
THAT
SIDE
I
REALLY
DONT
KNOW
WHAT
TO
SAY
IM
LIKE
A
RIDICULOUS
MOCKERY
OF
A
JIGSAW
PUZZLE.

ad. cop
Melvin #1 - Judas Priest #10,000,000

COOL RECIPES NO. 1 SHIT FOR YOU.



These are coptic times-THE BAD BRAINS 1981
therefore were quite happy to present: COOKING WITH
RICHARD OLIVER

Welp, recent hard times and a divine quest for
all that's edible (and fucking dead to rights dirt cheap)
have left me with no choice but to extend some
of my hits, near misses, and outright bombs of
delicious cuisine with you and yours. and most
are a couple of bucks or less..... BON APETIT!

WANNABE CHILLI

COST: about 2 bucks- wot you need: Two heaping cans of
vegetarian beans (or a related product) a tomatoe, a
green or red pepper, and a little love.

chop up tomato and pepper to a near
liquid consistency. In a medium sauce pan bring
beans to a favorable boil. add veggies and
lower to a simmer stirring frequently for
about 5 minutes. VARIATIONS: add a hidden
dash of GOOD spaghetti sauce (not that ragu
shit) to uphold the sometimes shitty taste
of that fly by night "tomato" sauce that they
usually put in with the canned beans, or for
a totally different taste add mustard and serve
with toast. anyways its much better if you add
rancid week old crusty kraft singles, cracker bar-
rel cheddar or soy cheese. But then of course is
when this meal starts to get in the costly range
so try and use stuff already in the fridge.

POTATOE SUPRISE

COST: \$1.09. wot you need: 2 cans of KELLYS SLICED
IRISH POTATOES (all other brands suck. but DEFIN-
ITELY get sliced, whole really, really SUCK)
a sufficient dash of sauce (even ragu because it d
doesnt matter it always comes out delicious)

In a frying pan add some butter or
oil (corn works best) and plop both cans of taters
and kinda stir fry for a while, then add a dash of
sauce (i only like a little bit but bathe it if you
want) ther you go mmmm delish! variations:
add scallions or mushrooms. add salt and pepper to
taste and even a dash of grated cheese.

Tempura FEAST

COST: around \$5 bucks (bbut were talking a feast here
to cut the price down chip in with 2 or three
hungry friends) wot you need: tempura batter (one box
of mix or 2 or 3 ready made), A HELLA SHIT LOAD of
Veggies. a fucking lot man, any kind new, old bought
, stolen, etc. (the only kind that suck is veggies that
have juice. tomatoes especially, yeech!

O.K this is hardly my recipe, y'know
just follow directions on package. Im just
here to let ya know

thats its way economical And HELLA GOOD

try a wide variety of sauces :soy sauce, hoummous, tahinni
or my personal favorite good ol' american Catsup.

And WHILE were on the subject of deep frying
homemade french fries are cheap and good. i guar-
antee they'll be better than any of there corporate
competition. another cheapskate option is like my
friend does buy those 39¢ Ramens (my diets staple food)

ditch the soup f flavor packet and drain then add
sauce, cant beat three minute sketties! huh? (even tho
its a tad white trash) -Tofu is so cheap and does
so much-oh fuck theres so much more but you get the
idea... remember enjoy your food because its always good cuz
you made it.

CHET STINKY.

NEWS FLASH... COPS SUCK... Film at Eleven...

another duckens? Recipe, Big plumpy pieces of

TUAD.

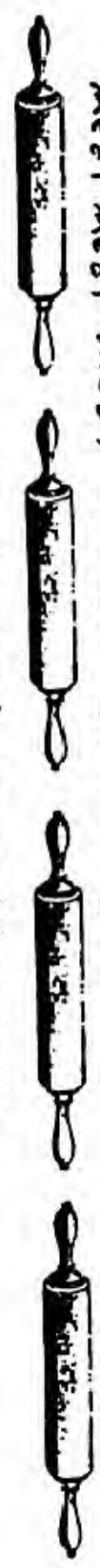


EAT!

I have

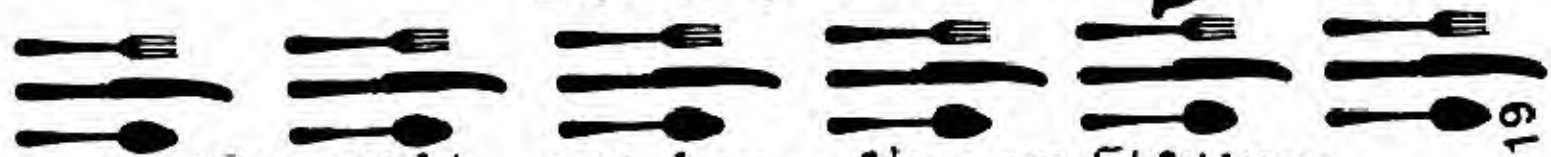


Cocktails



meat meat meat a mans got to eat..

with poop.



RECORDS

THAT GET



GO-GOS "Beauty & The Beast" This is very possibly the first record I ever owned that still to this day gets 2 hearty spins a week. It's the quintessential Punk/Pop record of the 80's. If you disagree your obviously silly. Every time I listen to it I think of those carefree 8th & 9th grade years hanging with Joe Barker, Girl/Boy parties & Janet Denny's beautiful face. How would I of known a short time later, Junior High would bring much pain & agony. Oh well thanks Belinda, Charlotte, Jane Kathy & Gina.



"BREAKFAST CLUB" Soundtrack. even tho I got this dishonestly & it only has one good song this disc makes the memories cold flood back. For that matter all John Hughes little films do. Me thinks of 8th grade Jennifer Brindley, Her Dopey Boy friend, W.L.I.R (92.7), parties, Sugie, Bay Terrace, girls that now suck & Michelle David. God what a great time! I went to school with Michelle & we sometimes would reminisce & think how silly it was cause she kinda punked out too. Hi Michelle!



METALLICA Master of Puppets This disk is just short of being an all time fave due to the days of care free times at Bowne park with Paul Di-Tomasso & Joe Knapien, trying to start a band (w/ out a scratch of knowledge how to play) U-68 "Power Hour", Saturday mornings, Loser tests, Mr Lee's Candy store, & yes Virginia, evvy fucken meddle.

ME 211 GOOLEY AND

SHIT...



It's a cake!



SO SUICIDAL * Cro-mags
TENDENCIES, MURPHY'S LAW,
TOKEN ENTRY, LIKE IT OR NOT THESE WERE
THE FIRST FEW BANDS I GOT INTO
WHEN I STARTED SKATING WITH
SEAN RYAN. MANY PERILIOUS AD-
VENTURES. AHH MAN THIS IS
GREAT! END OF SUMMER WE
PONDERED UPON THE BAYSIDE
RAMP & THE REST IS HISTORY.
LATER MANY AN AFTERNOON
WOULD BE SPENT WITH E.J. &
LONG & JORDAN. GOD! IM SKATING
AGAIN! HONORABLE MENTION GO
OUT TO BAD BRAINS & MINOR
THREAT & BOB & RON. HI BOB!!
WHEREVER YOU ARE!

THE BUREAU STANDING ON
THE BEACH
JESUS CHRIST THIS RECORD IS
SO VITAL IN MY PUNK UPBRINGING
THAT I HOLD IT UP WITH
2 AGES "Damage". VITAL! YOU
ASK? WELL ON MY WEEKLY
TRIP TO THE BRINK OF SUICIDE
I QUICKLY ADMINISTER SOME
OF THESE QUIRKY TUNES & IM
AS DUCKY AS A SUNFLOWER.
AGAIN CALL IT SACRELIGE,
CALL ME AN ART TAG BUT
THIS IS MY EVERYTHING!
AS SMITH CROONS I THINK
OF SUSAN AMENDOLAS PARTY
(THE ONE I DIDNT GO TO)
& HOW I CRIED THAT NIGHT.



Rollins BAND "LifeTime"
SORRY TO SAY BUT MR BIG'S
RECORDS HELPED ME THROUGH
A ROUGH TIME IN MY LIFE WITH
THEIR SAVAGE INTERPRETATIONS
OF SAVAGE BRUTALITY & ALL
THAT SPUNK. THANKS HENRY.



True warTime!!

THERES SO MANY
MORE 2 MENTION
BUT IMIGHT START
TO CRY - THANKS TO
TUNEAGE.MY. DISMAL
LIFE SEEMS MORE LIV-
BLE.

HEY GANG ITS THE photo Page!

SOMEONE ONCE SAID A PHOTO IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS THE SAME PERSON WAS PROBABLY THE ONE WHO STARTED "PHOTO MAT" OR SUMTHIN' & GOT RICH! YUK, YUK HA HA, HEE-HEE & THUS WE PRESENT:



BL'AST COL' KICKIN AT THE LATE CB-GBS JULY 8th 1989. PHOTO: HILTZ.



MANHOLES KICKIN' IT LIVE IN JAV'S CAR JULY 1st 1990 PHOTO: SHAM...



INFEST SLAYING A CROWD BACK IN THE 80'S SOMETIME... PHOTO: ???

PEENAS DRED? SHUCKS!
HELMET #7, JUDDS PRIEST SUCKS.



JOE IS COOL 0+0=0

SO LIKE, UM GO!

wackY STORIES

by: sEIZUREs 'SPA2'

The last time CXT's infamous PUNK legends SEIZURE played NYC's on-call PUNK club ABC-NO-RIO (oct. 6th) a bunch of us were ON HAND To SALUTE The GANG & ROCKn ROLL with them. this was when the Bands wacko drummer SPA2 Told me To INTRODUCE The BAND with some stories He HAd RECENTLY WRITTEN, well-as the BAND TUNED I waited on the side lines BUT they JUST started PLAYING (forgot?) & since Right AFTER I HAD To HIGHTAIL IT UP TO THE ANTHRAX TO ROADIE FOR CXA I COULDN'T GIVE SPA2 BACK HIS STORIES so I FELT IT WAS MY DUTY To publish... & SPA2 IT YOUR READING THIS - I GOT YOUR ORIGINALS... ROCK ME!!

A LAZY SLOB IS NORMAL

Frankel was a man who was unemotionally lazy and unemployed. The only way he made a living was by going to bums and scamming off of tea bags and garage sales. He's had 814 jobs within a period of 5 days. It was tookindly for his health that one day he said, "Fuck it. I'd rather be a parasite than a working man."

On a Monday morning, at 5 AM, Frankel saw a dumpster, filled with things that can be reusable. He said to himself, "I have doodoo in my dwelling. Now it's time to clean it up."

Later on that day, dogs and cats started roaming the streets. The ambiguous creative felons would go to the restaurants in town next to Frankel's pad. With that pungent odor in his house, vermin is to be expected. Frankel took a dog and cat from the neighborhood, named them Ben and Scotty, respectively. They were his kids. He trained them to fend for him. Scotty would get garbage, which is safe. For a cat that is. Ben would go to the rich paths into the wealthy areas and attack people, retrieve their wallets, and give them back to Frankel.

Frankel couldn't care less about the establishment because nobody wanted nothing to do with this pathetic soul. Until one day, he met a girl named Mary. Mary saw the down to earth attitude Frankel had, and she fell in love. Frankel was delighted by this, but he wanted to have everything his way. Mary was understanding for his demands. She cleaned up his hole and Frankel didn't want that. Mary didn't understand why. Frankel said, "You listen to me bitch! I'm a dirtbag and I'm proud of it!!!!" Then he spit and peed all over his pets and Mary, for asking such a stupid question. Frankel bodily threw his ambulance out the door. The worst part about it was that there were paramedics inside of it. Mary got so pissed that she took a poker, put a match to it, and stuck Frankel with it. Frankel was screaming about how much he loved it. Before you know it, Mary got extremely exhausted. She might as well get a gun and shoot him so she won't listen to him literally piss and moan.

Ben and Scotty went outside to round up all the other animals. When they got to the house, no one was in because Frankel's pad was being exterminated. The fumes hit the animals and killed them all. When Frankel got home, he said to himself, "Mnnnnnn, at least I don't have to bother citizens about money for a while when I gander at this. I can eat it, and it will last me a lifetime. Furthermore, I can collect welfare to buy luxuries, cars and to just get plain fucked up. Being unemployed is the best thing that ever happened to me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Token Entry ↑

AMERICANISM
IS THE ONLY "ISM" FOR ME!

THE LIFE OF BEING ON DUTY

It is 1:00 A.M. Are you safe and sound away from being brutalized? Let's hope so. The South End is where all the action takes place. It is Marvin's first night out as being a cop. He sees for the first time in his life drugs, violence, prostitution, violence, and other sleazy things that take place. A drug dealer named Hank is always rounding people to buy his home-made crack. He sells it for 15 dollars a rock. The reason that he charges so much is because he has to pay back his money for supporting his habit. A 15 year old girl is walking by. Hank offers her some crack. The girl says, "I don't want your own business. I want your own body." Her crotch Hank said "You better do what you want. I'll stick my poppete stick inside of you!" The girl reluctantly agreed, and took a few minutes off of that. Marvin witnesses this. Gets out of the car, and takes the girl inside his car. He says, "Come with me if you want to live." But it was too late. The girl started freakin' out and broke a window. The car had bare hands. Then she reached for Marvin's gun. He aimed the car into high gear, went 100 MPH, hit an oil slick, and the car went into flames. So much for the life of being on duty.

NIMROD



LOOK AT ALL

POST SCRIPT * NEWS FLASH
MOST RECENT EVAC NEWS
TOUCHING YET FORGOTTEN
"APOLOGY" ADD FOR MAIL
ORDER. & HELL CREEPY TALK

THE MONEY NOW...

Evacuate Records

CAROLINE

I'm sure you all have heard enough senseless whining about the now generic big business issue so in this next editorial I will try to convey a new discrepancy.

The all so seemingly wonderful world of EVACUATE RECORDS is not what it seems to be.



Well right now I feel that an apology is now necessary. Maybe, an apology is not short of pretentious. But, I as a sole member of CITIZEN'S ARREST must say that I regret any involvement that I ever had with EVAC. The primary goal of that record label is to make money. In simpler terms... EVAC is synonymous with the infamous capitalism in Hardcore known as big business.

After an all to exhausting spat with the big man himself I know this to be true. The NYHC comp is a scummy slab of wax marketed by the all to disgusting Venus Records and distributed by the even more dismal Caroline records, YIKES! This is something that Big Man told me would never happen with that record.

I'd like to take the
President Chop off his
head & mail it to them
in a GARBAGE BAG!!

He has thrown the sickening generic excuses at me. You know the one's, "If you do it yourself noone will ever get to hear your music" and, even "What's wrong with capitalism, it's everywhere. If you buy a can of soda you're supporting capitalism." without trying to explain the stupidity of these statements (I'm sure you are all well versed in the anti big-business stuff) I'll just say that EVAC records is capitalistic garbage.

The whole purpose of hardcore music is it's genuine nature. Hardcore is not meant to be caught up in the mainstream with the others. It's supposed to be something that conveys that idea that is self-sufficiency and just too punk to contend with. Hardcore does not sound like Top 40 for a reason, Hardcore is not marketed to the thirty-somethings for a reason. Hardcore itself is a statement against those very ideas.

TATTOOED PUT OUT NOW

HENRY

BIG

pretty

RECORD

NOT

DID YOU EVER FEEL
LIKE KICKING YOUR BOSS

page *patrick



*PAGE, C240UT,
TYPING, OPINION
& GRAMMATICAL
ERRORS BY
PAT GEORGE WINTER

CAR.

errors

Late 1989 I made a decision that I later would regret. I allowed my band to take part in the big lie spelled... E V A C . I looked past all of the stipulations that were apparent with any involment with this new record label. For example, the ridiculous selection of bands, stupid cover art, and labelling of the record a "New York Hardcore Compilation." Even after knowing all these ridiculous and stupid marketting tools I let my mistake get the best of me. EVAC records is just as sinister and corrupt as labels such as CAROLINE, IN EFFECT, PROFILE and ROAD-RACER records. What I was hoping was that EVAC was going to have some integrity and principles. This hope was conveyed to me by the big-man at EVAC.

"dreadlocks" "suppide"

cool

kinda

wannabe

(M.A.)

Add another one to the list, another victim of the all-to tempting dollar!!! Fuck that I'll never buy into that bull-shit... screw EVAC!

T.H.C



Bill Florio Hate

Intro: Bill GOD Florio Has the dubious distinction around town as being quite a ladys man and a really cool Bass player not to mention a really good guy and driver. With regard to the last remark id like to add thanx one thousand times over for saving my sorry carcass at Norwalks beautiful ANTHRAX on OCTOBER 6th 1990. AND giving me a splendid ride home threw the wonderful expressways of conneticut and Yonkers N.Y. even stopping To gasp in intrigue at Yonkers 'own Lovely 7-11.

On that fateful night something would happen. something that makes you pus and ooze a most horrible liquid. After enquiring a story or two about Long Islands Own (or is it Strong Island?) resident bully Jim Hate, What i got was much more than a mouth full about Jim and the gang. (the gang being a wide eyed assortment of youths- cursing, swearing, cussing, embryo chuckin' etc.) So read on and see, hear and burn in the Hate!

ED. Note: this originally took place October 6th of this year with Pat and Tracy in the car, However i didnt have a tape recorder. the conversation in question was whisked threw again and officially recorded on Bills own professional Panasonic recorder on November 3rd of this year and is accounted here fully here within. Interview by smilin' Dick and MelYo.

MFT: So uhh.. Whats going on man?
BF: Thats your first question?
Mft: Yes
BF: Whats going on... Uhh i dont know im kinda tired... cuz i went to see Rollins last night.
MFT: Whats going on with the band situation?
BF: My band, situation, uhh im in Bug OUT Society, i was going to try out for this death metal band But the guy didnt have like a drummer or anything. So he said He'll call me... this guy from Brooklyn
MY: al'right.
BF: The guy in the death Metal band thought i wouldnt want to be in it because he had a black singer, So i thought that was kinda interesting.

MFT: Whats the deal with the zine?
BF: Im working on Smashing Through #6 But like i dont have enough interviews (after this assorted over zealousness from the mongrels festering in the area, leaving traces of urine, shit and scum wherever their bottoms touched- yuck!)

MFT: So what was the story with last night dude, you went to Rollins, bro?
So how was it, cool?
BF: Yeah i thought it was good. I thought Rollins was Good. I thought Crawl Pappy were really good.

MFT: what was your general perception from your view of the crowd last night? Buncha dweebs or wot?
BF: Well i was afraid i wouldnt be allowed in Cause i didnt have my college Identification. (I.D.) with me Y'know?
MY: wuz this the CMU JAZZ?
BF: whuzz it?
MY: i dont know?
MFT: but i mean like....
BF: no- no there wasnt too many HardCore people there.

MFT: I heard that perhaps there was an over abundance of "skoon Heeds"
BF: yeah uh... what is that...
MFT: A skoon a skoon a... dont make me say it a skinhead.

HEY MFT... WHEN DO YOU THINK COMING BACK? DEEBIES

BF: Oh oh yes yes.
 No actually there werent that many. there werent that many, they just werent very big.
 MFT: uh huh...o.k wus ahh...Jim Hate there??
 BF: Yes he was
 MFT: Ohh which leads me to my next question. Tell us a Jim Hate story im kinda interested, Im perplexed by His Wit and Wisdom.
 And moreover im not sure if this is true but I heard on numerous occasion that you actually spent some with Jim Hate...And company! **TIME**
 BF: Oh Yeah, Well the first time for some reason we decided to go to Jersey and hang out at this party.
 MFT: wait, wait O.K. a little back tracking here this wasnt like a "punk" party it was just regular Joes? right?
 BF: yeah yah it was A bunch of like Beastie Boy type people and a bunch of guidettes. y'know like guys with short hair and baseball caps, like suburban types. i dont know.
 MFT: O.K. jumping to another area now where these African American people?
 BF: No they werent.
 MFT: o.k so your at this white trash Beastie Boy type party with JIM and Norm Crucified, Jim hates girlfriend and several others?
 MY: (gasps in horror) JIM HATE hasa Girlfriend!?

BF: no not yet. o.k so i think it was like Fred who like tripped over the dog, And they got like real Nervous.
 MFT: So what kind of dog is this?
 BF: (nervously) i dont know like a medium sized dog. i guess it was like a Mutt.
 MFT: now where do the eggs come in...
 BF: This is after o.k so then like a few minutes like shining the brights in there windows and making a lot of noize.
 MFT: Totally unrelated; Whats your favorite Movie?
 BF: ET.
 MY: segway-segway-segway YO!
 BF: so then like u- (something slurred and cut off by Mel YO)
 MY: Remember when you were younger tho' if you like hold your nose and hold your ears in, like this: (motions to that effect) Your eyes will pop out of your head....
 MFT: oh ma god, they did say that.
 MY: well i guess Jim Hate did that.
 (REALLY nervous laughter from me and Bill)
 BF: So then we went to White Castle i believe.
 MFT: Now what did Norm Crucified think of this?
 BF: Going to White Castle...i dont think Norm was to happy about going to White Castle.

GWAR SUCKS...



MELISSA JANE YORK ON JIM HATE:
 "MY GOD HIS HEAD IS LIKE A
 LIGHT BULB"

(Upon Hearing jim hate will
 be including Beef Jerky sticks
 with the Third Column 7'er.
 (Jim's Band) -true grit!)

THIS IS WHERE THE INTERVIEW CONTINUES:

BF: uh yes they Broke up.
 Well we got there and Fred Backus(sp.?) and Mark from the Casualties/Baboon Hearts started like pretending to have a fight, and like they tripped over the guys dog. And like EVERYONE started freaking out. And they kicked us out of the party...And like i was wondering whos like Bar Mitzvah signing board was...(starts hysterically laughing for NO reason)
 Thats what happened. there was like ten of us so they got like real Nervous, Like a whole bunch of people came in. especially since the guy only knew one of us. I have no idea why we even went to the party.
 MFT: So you got kicked out right?
 BF: yeah basically....
 MFT: What was the deal with the pets?
 BF: Oh they were like going like 'UH UH' (motions like a punch several times)
 MFT: (cries out in terror) Actually TO THE PETS?!!
 BF: No, no. to each other.
 MFT: Was Norm Crucified involved in this?
 BF: No he wasnt he was standing quietly to the side.
 MFT: was he saying like 'oh this gonna ruin my karma?'

MFT: was he spewing any rhetoric?
 MY: HardLine til Death!!
 (At this point the recorder is shut off to allow for the mutants to laugh callously at a suprisingly witty LESTER story...amen)
 MY: (something personal-shucks)
 BF: So then we went to White Castle, i didnt eat White Castle because of my past experiences like it ruins my system for the better portion of a week.
 MFT: but dude i was under the assumption that you were of the cruelty free minority.
 BF: uh Not really, i try not to buy leather or anything uh...i eat meat...But you got to do something.
 MFT: kinda like the last line in the smashing through-MANACLED interview.
 BF: thats right Dick you inspired me.
 MFT: Alright, very good. So where in White Castle right now, whats the general feeling of the restaurant is it calm or chaotic?, are people telling Fart Jokes, or what?
 BF: It was pretty crowded and my number was like three and i was getting french fries and a soda. And we like waited there longer and it was like up to fifty two And they got mad.
 MFT: So whats like the feeling in the air

LOVE YOUR BROTHER" AND GOD...

MORE:

BILL

when its a night on the town with Jim Hate.
Is he always Fucking with people or is it
just like.....

BF: No not really.

(other unintelligible slurs and misuse
by a sprawling permeating ghetto of
filth and crap in barely human form,
hardly grasping a command of the English
Language...And liking it!!!)

MFT: So after White Castle what happened
after that?

BF: I think it was Hanks idea...

MFT: Whos Hank?

BF: Hank is the guitarist for the casualties.

And uh Hanks brother (who didnt say a
word all night), We decided to get
two or three cartons of eggs, and we dec-
ided to drive around-Id say about four
different towns in New Jersey and like
egg all over the nice cars in the area.

MFT: right and so what was the makeup
of the cars??

BF: I was in the car with Hank, Hanks bro-
ther, Norm and....

MFT: Does Jim Hate have a drivers license?

BF: No actually Jim Hates still in HighSchool,
Hes my age yeah but hes still in HighSchool.

(ED. Note: My mans 19)

I dont know if he wanted that out..But it is
now....(THIS IS WHERE THE INTERVIEW HITS
A PERPETUAL LOW...)

BF: so i was in the back seat with
Norm and Jay Face its ex Girl Friend.



JIM HATE circa 1990...

MFT: (dumb, goofy Uproar) The
little Youth Of today Girl hha-ha-yuk yuk
etc.

BF: i left my car at a Hanks House... in the
other car, Jim Hates girlfriend was driving
And Ray ex Smashing Through was in the back.

MFT: So who was throwing the eggs?

BF: Basically the two people near the windows
threw the eggs. i was sitting in the middle
so i didnt get to throw any eggs.

MFT: Im curious when you threw the eggs was
it like frontal attack were you throwing
to kill, or just like "lets just get egg on
the car where they wont immediately see, and
find out about it later and say "oh shit""

BF: yeah it was more like a casual over the shoulder
throw.

MFT: But you wanted them to find out later?

BF: Yeah it was like "find out later"...

cuz there was like cops running around and
stuff... so.

MFT: What was the story with the old man?

BF: (laffs) oh oh yeah yeah we were driving by
and we saw this old man walking his dog...

And we saw Jims car swerve by the man, and all
we saw was the man get creamed with eggs...

MFT: whered he get hit?

BF: I think in the shoulder.

(various oohs and groans from the

Yes
Hes
nude
←.

ON Jim Hate



JIM
HATE...

crowd that had gathered-all pondering the
heartlessness of Hates throw)

BF: So then we went to Seaside heights and a
certain person who will remain un-named
stayed in the car because hes scared of guidos.
He stayed in the car for four hours.

And we just played video games and stuff and
then we got a speeding ticket.

MFT: What kind of video games was the gang
playin'

BF: i dont remember'...uhg i feel sick.

MFT: But alas Bill, wouldnt you say Video
games ARE sense gratification?

BF: thats true but i dont know if Norm actual-
ly played any games thoo'.

MFT: and dammit Bill, wouldnt you say MoSHING
is sense gratification as well?

BF: Umm.....I dont know. gee...

MFT: Any memorable quotes from the evening?

BF: No not really... i cant remember.

-The Second night was not as interesting
so i left it out besides this is getting
really long. I think we did what we set out
to do. Fear the HATE. G'night now Y'all.

INSERT: By the way full
length interview
with our man himself
in SMASHING THROUGH #6

BILL CLORIO



ofcourse naturally lost ish almost everywhere
I wrote "we'll I meant 'white' - mental
Block I got from all Those drugs
I did in the 1960's. @

DID THIS WHILE TALKING TO CHARLIE
"CRACKERS"

BEST PUNK BAND EVER: SIS2BOOKIE-TENGO...

'teng 2ss12w

ALISON'S GOOD FOR ONE
THING...


Dave Excess No. 1..



DREAM



ted
leo...

I JUST HAD THIS INCREDIBLE DREAM
IT WAS ONE OF THE CRAZIEST. MAN.
IT APPEARED TO TAKE PLACE ON MY
OLD HAUNT: 2011 STREET. RIGHT BY
THE BICYCLE TRACK. (THAT HOSTED
SOME OF THE RADIEST SESSIONS OF
THE MILLENNIUM!!) ANYWAY I'M LEAN-
ING AGAINST THE METAL RAILING
ON THE GOLF COURSE SIDE, NOW WAIT,
IT MIGHT BEEN AGAINST THE ac-
TUAL FENCE OF THE GOLF COURSE
BUT THAT'S UNIMPORTANT. O.KAY
SO THIS BEAUTIFUL RED HEADED GIRL
WALKS UP TO ME & WE START
KISSING & ALL THAT JAZZ. BUT
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T THINK
I WOULD WASTE TIME & PAPER
RELIVING SOME STUPID MASTER
BATTERY GARBAGE ON YOU, BECAUSE
THAT'S THE INCREDIBLE ANGELIC
BEAUTY OF THIS DREAM IT
WASNT SEXUAL IN THE LEAST
OF COURSE THE KISSING WAS, BUT
IT WASNT ONE OF THOSE QUOTE/UN
QUOTE "WET" DREAMS IT WAS SOOO
BEAUTIFUL JUST AN INCREDIBLE
FEELING OF CLOSENESS & LOVE, &
WARMTH & GODNESS. SOMETHING
THAT DAMNIT! MY LIFE SEEMS
TO BE MISSING SO MUCH OF
LATELY. IT APPEARS THAT
I NEED SOME SORT OF DEPTH,
HIGHER AWARENESS, LOVE,
STRESS RELIEF OR AT LEAST
A DREAM ANALYSIS. OH WELL
I HOPE AT LEAST THAT THIS IS
A REOCCURRING DREAM. BYE, 



babes
IN
TOYLAND.

P2PSMEAR

Sis Boom

I ALWAYS GET
A LOT OF SLEEP
ON

TR2CY-


KA-
POW

diana

I HATE MYSELF

STONY BROOK



weekends! God like! P: FOR LOVING
YOU... 

I did this page while TALKING TO ADAM WOODROW N2THANSON.

**PASS THIS COPY ALONG
AFTER YOU HAVE READ IT**

GOOD FRIDAY, 2033 AD.

It was Good Friday in the year of our lord 2033, and the nation's picnic grounds and beaches and parks were jammed with sweaty people to celebrate the two thousandth anniversary of Christ's death. There were balloons, and hotdogs and cotton candy, and clowns and elephant rides and marching bands. Everyone was in a festive and jolly mood. Parents enjoyed the warm weather with tiny toddlers on their shoulders, and everyone wore loose and colorful clothing.

In Washington DC, at precisely 5 o'clock, the president - an enormous, lumbering man ravaged by various degenerative skin diseases - mounted the steps of the capital to deliver a live address to the nation on television. He arrived at the huge podium and stood in front of an enormous fleshy rendering of Jesus. He stood a moment and stared out at the massive, seething tide of young, fresh Americans in front of him, lowering his head only once - briefly - to deliver some husky phlegm into a presidential hanky he carried at all times.

"Ladies and gentleman" he wheezed into the microphone, turning now to face directly the Christ-rendering behind him. "YOU FILTHY DOGSHIT LIAR! YOU FILTHY FUCKING DOGSHIT LIAR!!!"

And everyone applauded, ate pie, went home and made sexual intercourse.

THE END.

Did you like this story? Would you like to meet a lonesome but affable and attractive older gentleman whose interests include water skiing, murder mysteries and cuddling up by an open fireplace? Then write Sam, c/o P.O. Box 1145, Cooper station, NYC, NY 10276.

**Yo!, what
Happened to the
RIGHT TRASH!
CREW...**

LESTER RESPECTIVELY REFERRED TO AS THE CO-EDITOR IS STILL AROUND HERE. WHILE NOT ACCOUSTING JELLO, HE'S HARD AT WORK ON SOMETHING PRODUCTIVE I'M SURE. 2 WHILE BACK HE WAS DOING A ZINE + A BAND I'M NOT SURE NOW THO' VADIM WHO WAS A **BIG** HELP ON #2 (LAYOUT, ART, COMPUTER ETC.) IS DOING 3 OR 4 BAND PROJECTS. (2ST TIME I RAN INTO HIM. HE DROPPED OUT OF PUNK AFTER UP. JOE WHO DID THE GORE REPORT IN #2 IS DOING A ZINE "THE LIFETIME EXAMINER" WHICH WILL BE OUT SOON. HE WAS DOING A HORROR, GORE ZINE WITH ME BUT IT APPEARS THAT WENT HAPPEN. MIKE RIGHT WHO NEVER DID JACK SHIT FOR THE ZINE BUT AOUNDED IT, IS PROBABLY DEAD FOR ALL I CARE I SAW HIM LAST SPRING AND VIRTUALLY HAD TO RESTRAIN MYSELF FROM NOT BITTING HIM TO DEATH. RIGHT TRASH HAD TWO MORE ISSUES 2 AVAILABLE THREW THE MINDSET ZINE (#2.5, 2.6 50¢, 2.7 30¢ HAYWOOD DR. PARAMUS N.J 07652) OH YEAH ALSO JOE PLAYS BASS FOR NYC BAND CITIZENS ARREST...

**EAT
SHIT!**



Last Minute Stuff and Credits

MARCHING FOR TRASH
NOT STILL AVAILABLE
FEATURING ALL SORTS OF
COOL SHIT. 50¢ TO
20-21 UTOPIA PKWY
WHITESTONE N.Y.
11357 U\$A

COVER BY PAT WINTER, OPENING BY ME...
BACKGROUND MAP, SOUND REL BY ME, GRAPHICS
COURTESY OF CRACKED MAGAZINE, CHUCK INTER
VIEWS BY ME "MOM" PICTURE FROM 72 YEAR
BOOK, CHARLIE PHOTOS BY TRACY & ME
PERSON CROUCHING IN HIS LAP IS ALISON. CHUCK
B.O.S. PHOTO BY ME, VINCE COURTESY OF N.J. TURN
PIKE ASS. MAG PHOTOS BY TRACY. CHUCK "COLORS"
PHOTO BY ?. MYSTERY BY ME. LYRICS COUR-
TESY OF INDIVIDUAL BANDS. GODIARY BY
ANTHONY, PHOTOS BY ART SHOULD SAY COUR-
TESY OF HENDON TRIP, CUZ IN SOME OF
THEM SO I DON'T KNOW WHO EXACTLY
TOOK EM? HEADACHE BY ME. LOVE STORY
BY ME. RECIPES BY ME. RECORDS BY ME.
GO-GO'S PHOTO FROM RECORD, RING WARD FROM
TV. GUIDE, MIKE MUIR, CURE, & HETFIELD ALL
FROM THRASHER, ROLLINS FROM CHEESY MAG.
BACKGROUND PAT'S ROOM. PHOTO AS CREDITED
BACKGROUND FROM DIPLOMA (NO NOT MINE)
WACKY STORIES BY SPAZ, PAGE BY ME. BACK
GROUND FROM STENCIL BOOK. EVAC PAGE BY
PAT, ALORIO BY ME, LAYOUT TOO, MELISSA
BABY PHOTO BY MRS. YORK. PHOTOS BY SHAM,
DREAM FROM MY HEAD, CARTOON BY ME,
BACKGROUND FROM STENCIL BOOK. BACK
COVER BY ME, PHOTO FROM McDONALDS SHIT.
LAST PAGE BY ME, STORY BY SAM, TRASH
THING BY ME. ALL OTHER SHIT WORK, TYPING
LETTERS, SHIT, TEZ, ETC. BY ME RICHOLIBER
ON THE COMIX TOO.



I NOW
HAVE A
FUCKIN'
PHONE!



OH YEAH IF YOU THOUGHT THE "LOVE STORY"
WAS FULL OF SHIT YOU PROBABLY RIGHT.



NEXT ISSUE: OUT IN
A FEW: LOVE/HATE,
HOLIDAY REPORT & INT.
W/DAN OUT IN 3 MONTHS...

LAST SHIT, I PROMISE

I JUST GOT HOME FROM MY DEER
FRIENDS HOUSE and was when I heard
FOR THE FIRST TIME BEYOND ALL THE IN-
CREDIBLE HYPE "WE ARE IN WAR" I WAS
SHAKING I WAS REALLY SCARED IVE
NEVER LIVED THREW THIS!!! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO. WHEN BUSH SPOKE
AT 9:00 PM. I WAS FROZEN HE WAS
FRANK & CONFIDENT IT JUST MADE
ME MORE SCARED. MY PARENTS BOU-
GHT INTO IT HOOK LINE & SINKER.
OH WELL. THIS ISSUE IS A BYSMALLY LATE
DUE TO MONEY (HENCE THE X-MAS) SORRY, RIGHT



Commitment to Quality

Marching FOR *T.R.A.S.H.*
20-21 *UTOPIA* *P.K.M.U.*
WHITE STONE *N.Y. 11357*
U.S.A. *COPIES \$1.00 PPD.*
Additional

CHOLESTEROL
FREE

CULTURAL PHALUS WORSHIP. POOP. GERBILSHAVING. WOT ARE U
LOOKING AT.

Which of These
ANIMAL CARE Jobs
Would YOU ENJOY
THE MOST?



As I would not be a slave, so I
would not be a master. It has en-
pressed my idea of democracy—
Whatever differs from this, to the
extent of the difference, is no
democracy—
A. Lincoln

est. 2009



where a 'zine is forever...



D.F.P.S.

digital fanzine preservation society

grind
thrash
hardcore
power violence
crust
punk
straight edge